

The Indian Missionary Record

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Rev. G. Laviolette, O.M.I., Editor

INDIAN EPIDEMIC HEROINE

TESLIN, Yukon Territory, Nov. 20.—One highlight of a tour of the Alaskan highway is a visit to the Teslin band of Indians, now almost recovered from a severe epidemic of measles that saw 135 of 139 members of the band sick this fall. Three died.

Now called the Teslin band, these Indians are a branch of the Thinglet tribe in Alaska. The Thinglets began trading with Yukon Indians and followed old trapping trails to the Teslin area just north of the British Columbia-Yukon boundary and 150 miles southeast of Whitehorse, Y.T.

Despite the epidemic, which resulted in a quarantine from mid-September to the first week of November, the Teslins appear extremely healthy. One old man still is ailing from measles reactions, but the others are recovered.

One hundred and twenty Indians were sick at one time. Five white men worked day and night for weeks while the epidemic was raging and their courage and care are credited with saving many lives.

These men were Rev. R. C. W. Ward, Church of England missionary; Father Albert Drean and Father J. Danto, both of the Roman Catholic Oblate Order; Constable J. P. Clemmitt of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and Robin McClerry, former R.C.M.P. sergeant in charge of the area and now proprietor of a trading post.

Dr. P. E. Moore, superintendent of medical services of the Indian affairs department, credited Bessie Johnston, 20-year-old Indian girl from Teslin, Yukon, with saving the lives of many of her people struck down with an epidemic of measles before she succumbed to the disease herself.

The epidemic brought down 128 of the 135 Indians inhabitants of the village of Teslin, situated in the Yukon territory on Lake Teslin near the British Columbia border. Four of them died, including Peggy Fox, a six-year-old girl.

Capt. E. W. Durham, an American army doctor, aided by a colleague gave what time and attention he could to the Indians. Bessie's home was used as a central kitchen.

As he told the story, Dr. Moore handed a Canadian Press reporter a letter from J. P. Clemmitt, R.C.M.P. officer in charge of the Teslin detachment which contained this tribute to the gallant Indian girl.

"Prior to Bessie Johnston's death this girl distinguished herself above all others by organizing her parents' home with very little help available, into cooking for 60 sick natives, lying in the emergency hospitals, feeding them until the urgently needed help arrived from Whitehorse. It is deemed that no greater sacrifice could be made than this girl made in her undaunted spirit of self-sacrifice to serve her fellow men."

J. E. Gibbon, Indian affairs agent at Dawson, arranged for a nurse and medical supplies to be flown in from Whitehorse when he learned of the epidemic.

Where is No. 1, 1942? This is Lebret
1943

Red-coated mounties took charge of Bessie's burial and interment took place in the Teslin native burial ground.

P.S.—The Teslins can all speak English and the younger ones can read and write. They have not degenerated as have some other tribes living closer to communities. The Teslins make a good living off the land. They are not "treaty" Indians and have no reserve. No white men are allowed into their little town except through permission of the missionaries or the R.C.M.P.

PEP FOOD SENT TO INDIANS

By Charles Clay, Ottawa

"A BISCUIT A DAY keep ill-health away." That is the new chant of Canada's red hunters who are eating a special carrot-stuffed biscuit supplied by the Canadian Government. The biscuit formula was worked out by Dr. L. H. Newman, Cereal Division, Department of Agriculture.

"We have already shipped out quantities of this new auxiliary food to Indian day schools across the north country," revealed Dr. Percy E. Moore, acting superintendent of medical services, Indian Affairs. "We know the results of this addition to diet, and we are now undertaking a long-range policy to see that our Indians get these benefits."

Most of the steps now being taken to put more vim into Canada's Indians results from an air trip taken by Dr. Moore, Wing Commander F. F. Tisdall, RCAF, and Dr. H. D. Cruse, Millbank Memorial fund.

Shocking Conditions

Co-operating with the R.C.A.F. and the Hudson's Bay Company, this trio thundered across the north country by plane, dropping down on isolated Indian settlements across the tops of the Prairie Provinces. Hand-picked representatives of the 10,000 red men in the area were examined.

The findings were astonishing. Malnutrition is rampant among Northern Indians. Many Indians are so listless they not only lack desire to work, they also lack enough energy to walk erect. Hundreds are chronically stooped as a result. About 10 per cent are blind or suffering from eye conditions due to malnutrition.

Border-Line Diet

"Novelists keep telling us about the tasty qualities of bannock, that concoction of flour and water and baking powder so relied on by the Indians," said Dr. Moore. "Nothing could be farther from the truth. It is low in diet requirements. Meat and fish make up the bulk of the Indians' fare. Vegetables, milk, cheese and eggs—except in the spring, when they rob ducks' nests and eat the eggs, ducklings and all—are not found in the north country Indian's diet."



FISHER BAY, Lake Winnipeg, Manitoba

On December 10, 1942, for the first time in the history of the settlement, a missionary came to visit us. It has always been my desire to see a Priest, and when, last week, I heard that the missionary was at Fisher River, I sent a note to him, asking him to come and perform a marriage.

It turned out that when he came he performed a double wedding.

He visited the Catholic families in the neighbourhood, and stopped at our place; he liked the place very much. He enjoyed his stay, and we did our best to make him comfortable. My husband is a fisherman and every day he brings in fresh fish to eat.

We were happy to have mass said in our house, and about 15 of us received communion. My son Leonard, who attended Fort-Alexander school, served Mass. We sang hymns during the Mass.

This was the first visit of a missionary, (Fr. P. Dumouchel, O.M.I.) but we are sure he will visit us often and establish a little Mission, here at Tommy's Point, way up north on Lake Winnipeg.

—Mrs Robert Kipling, Koostatak, P.O., Man.

ASSINIBOINE RESERVE, Sintaluta, Sask.

On December 14th, Mary, wife of Frank Walking-Sun, passed away. Mrs. Walking-Sun has always been a devoted supporter of the Red Cross Society, and in her will she made a gift of her wonderful beaded dress, worth over \$100, to the Red Cross, and also asked for her two mares and colts to be sold and the proceeds to be turned over to the Red Cross.

This noble action deserves due praise and sets a grand example of generosity to this charitable society. The true spirit of charity is shown by Mrs. Walking-Sun's donation, and it is certain that she will be rewarded by God.

QU'APPELLE INDIAN SCHOOL NEWS

At Christmas, many Indian parents attended midnight Mass, and visited their children at school during the following few days.

On Dec. 29, our hockey team played a game against the village boys. The score was 4-2 in favor of the village.

Our boys have had three hockey games with the Brothers of the Scholasticate. The Indians won one game, while the Brothers won two.

The following educational picture films, supplied by the Department of Education, have been shown in our school; "Black Sunlight", "How the Telephone Talks", "Modern Magic", and "Hopi Indians". Educational films will be shown regularly during the school term.

On December 27, the Senior boys and girls had a card party. At this time, Flt.-Sgt. Arthur Fay, who after being shot down over Belgium, escaped capture by the Germans, was present and gave a short address about his experiences.

On December 29, the girls visited the Scholasticate and were entertained there during the afternoon.

The following day, the boys were guests at the Scholasticate. They enjoyed a toboggan slide, played pool, saw a concert presented by the Brothers, and attended a picture show. They also had a chance to visit the museum there. All this was followed by a supper. They all reported having a good time.

At a meeting of the boys on Jan. 8th, Mr. Herperger organized the Audubon Junior Club, commonly called The Bird Club. The following officers were elected by the 43 boys, who have enrolled as members: President, George Whiteman; Vice-pres., Elie Tachan; Secretary-treas., Cecil Wajunta; Warden, Henry Rope; Adult advisor, Mr. Joseph Herperger, the teacher. Plans were made for the building and the placing of feeding shelters for the birds, and later the making of bird houses. A bird sanctuary will be established on the school grounds. The Audubon Society is devoted to the protection and preservation of all native wildlife.

QU'APPELLE INDIAN SCHOOL

The total proceeds of the Christmas Concert, Bazaar, and contribution from the 5 branches of the Junior Red Cross totalled \$37.92; this sum was divided between the Crippled Children's Fund (\$16.92) and the National Junior Red Cross War Fund (\$21.00).

Our sincere thanks to every one who helped in raising this money.

On Christmas night 13 children made their first communion; they were: Wilma and Angeline Eashappie, Catherine Hotain, Lillian Tawiyaka, Alice Bangs, Lucille Maminas, Clara Minnie, Ernest McArthur, Percival Mandy, Jerome Yuhaha, Adam Goodpipe, Victor Tacan, and Norman Goodwill.

Our thanks to T. John Tawiyaka, of the Sioux Reserve, in behalf of the Sioux children of Griswold and Pipestone Reserves, to whom he donated a case of apples for Christmas.

OBITUARY

Nov. 23rd, at Wood Mountain, Mrs. Ogle, (Tasukahinhhotawin).

Dec. 30th, at Assiniboine I.R., Ella Pernice, daughter of Hugo.

January 16th, at Indian Head Hospital, Mr. E. Sworder, of Lebret, former clerk at the Indian School. R.I.P.

ECHO FROM LESTOCK

Our chronicler was sleeping as Rip Van Winkle, for a few months, but New Year woke him up and we hope for better this year. Let us resume our past events since last July.

July 29th—Brother Morin O.M.I., the boys' Supervisor, was called to Winnipeg at the regret of all of us here, for training in Electricity and Mechanical Engineering. He was replaced by Brother J. B. Lacsasse O.M.I., who came as engineer and boys' teacher in different trades. A new shop had been accommodated and eight boys enlisted for taking their training. Their first job was the building of a large granary.

August 11th—Marked the arrival of a new Sister Superior—Sister Marie du Rosaire, former Superior at St. Philip's School. She came to continue the good work of Sister Marie du Bon Pasteur (Mary of Good Shepherd) who was here for six years as a real Good Shepherd for all. We will all keep a kind remembrance for her good services.

September 1st—Was the opening day for school children. Most of them came back with a smiling face, when meeting again their teacher and class mate. Two were missing at the call, being discharged for age, but several new comers came and took their places.

October 9th—We had the most welcome visit of Mr. Christianson, accompanied by our new Agent, Mr. R. S. Davis, who replaced Mr. J. W. Waddy, former Agent. Mr. Waddy retired after thirty one years of service among the Indians.

The election of new officers for the Confraternity of Children of Mary took place on **October 11th**. They were as follows: President, Sara McDermot; Assistant, Elsie Machiskinick; Secretary, Therese Pombrun.

October 13-14-15th—We had our Annual Retreat preached by Rev. Father Guy De Bretagne, O.M.I., missionary of Lebret. As Missionary with great experience with Indians, he interested us very much and did us lots of good.

Rev. Father O. Robidoux O.M.I., held two bazaars this Fall, for the benefit of his six missions. He was collecting for the future chapels or Homes for Jesus on his reserves. The result was good and we wish him great success in his new undertakings.

Another meeting took place on **October 18th**, in the boys' playroom. It was for the election of their two Committees for sports and different organizations.

1st committee for Volunteers: President, Edward Mahiganens; Vice-pres., Peter Desjarlois; Sec.-Treas., Ambrose Manitopies; two Councillors, Sydney Peltier and Alex. Dusty-Horn.

2nd Committee for White Cross or Juniors Association: President, Isidore Cyr; V.P., Vincent Worm; Sec.-Treas., Geo. Young; two Councillors, Jos. Young and W. Desjarlois.

October 30th—We had the visit of Mr. Brandt, the School Inspector. He passed in all our classrooms and deemed to be well pleased and satisfied with our class work.

Very few special events happened in November and December. We had the X-Ray from Fort San Clinic in November and our Christmas holidays in December. We will come back on this last event the next time.

Presents make the heart grow fonder.

"The greatest remedy for anger is delay."



Happiest Woman on Christmas Night.

Mrs. Geo. Bruce, 102 years old

MUSCOWEQUON RESERVE

Christmas had quite a peculiar and interesting aspect for the people of four Muscwequon Reserve.

Midnight Mass was said at Mrs. George Bruce, (oldest woman on the Reserve—102 years of age,, and with a successful result. Everyone helped out to make it so. Some took part in decorating the house and transformed it into a chapel, and fixing the crib, others in practising a High Mass and nice hymns upon the direction of Mr. Lucien Bruce, but unfortunately without anyone to play organ. And all prepared their hearts welcoming the Infant Jesus. The great number of communicants is really the pride of our first Midnight Mass on our Reserve.

Our missionary, Rev. Fr. Robidoux, told us his joy and appreciation, mingled with words of congratulations and encouragement for the future.

An everyone-helped-lunch, "Reveillon", we all enjoyed indeed, closed this Holy Night which will live forever in our minds.

We all thank God for such a favor, and our missionary to whom we owe so great a debt of gratitude.

Flora Wolfe.

MARIEVAL SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Our Christmas holidays were much different this year than other years. The weather was so cold that we could hardly enjoy out-door games. Therefore, we were always pleased to hear the bell calling us in for an hour or so, to enjoy silent reading or drawing. But those pleasant days have already vanished like shadows, and now we must all try to find our goodwill to face the school duties with a willing heart.

Nevertheless, the end of 1942 had a good lesson to teach us, little folks, and we made up our minds for the future. We've often heard Sister telling us: "Have you had a kindness shown, pass it on; for the heart grows rich in giving and LOVING is the truest LIVING." Here is the proof:

(Continued on page 6, col. 1.)

GREAT RICHES

A TRUE INDIAN STORY

By Daniel Hannin, S.J.

COPPER-HUED bodies glistened in the leaping flames as the low throb of drums, the muffled beat of hands and the monotonous song, sent moccasined feet into the dance of the clan. Twisting and turning in grotesque flittings, lank, black hair waving over distorted faces, the Ojibway celebrated the feast of the Bear.

Kitimeg, the medicine man, hideous in all his regalia, with frenzied cry jumped into the circle of swaying men. He waved his short wand in the air, rattled the claws of the bear and then the drums boomed and the hands clapped a new rhythm, the Prayer of the Bear.

Around the blazing pine, over the white flame, through the curtain of smoke, Kitimeg leaped and pirouetted. Now prostrate on the ground in humble supplication, now in defiant stance, he pleaded with the spirit of the Bear. Finally foaming at the mouth, he collapsed to the ground and lay inert. Then with a shriek he sprang into the air—the spirit was going to speak through its shaman.

"Men, warriors of Batchawana, I, the spirit of the Bear, speak . . . Tomorrow from your shores launch your tchimanan (canoes), paddle down the waters of Waieka-Kitchigaming (Lake Superior) to the Falling Water (Sault Ste. Marie). There you will sell your furs to the Pale-face strangers from beyond the seas. Great wealth will be yours."

As the sun brightened the waters next morning, the Ojibway camp cast off the gloom of sleep. Braves replenished themselves with moose meat, for the trip was long and arduous; squaws carried bundles of furs down to the birch-bark craft; dogs raced from the shore to the camp and little boys chased them with sticks and stones.

Kitimeg, standing near his lodge, smiled; his plan had worked and the tribe would sell their furs. His spies had brought word of the approaching whites and their promises of many axes and knives if he, Kitimeg, would send the warriors to the trading post. How simple it had been for him to fool these braves! He, their medicine man, had full power over them, his word was law because his incantations could bring evil upon his enemies. The white traders came to him with bribes when they wanted the furs of the tribe.

Binishi, the chief, offered tobacco to the spirit of the lake. Sitting in their frail barks, paddle in hand, the Indians waited for the signal to start. The chief raised his paddle, it cut the water without a ripple, his canoe darted forward and the flotilla departed. Thirty leagues lay between the place called by the strangers The Falls of St. Mary and the village of Batchawana. Not until the green waters began to darken did the Ojibways swing into the shore.

Tribes came from the white north and the grassy plains for the spring trading at Sault Ste. Marie. Cree, Algonquian, Ottawa, Ojibway and Illinois smoked the pipe of peace. Side by side the tepee of the western Cree and the wigwam of the Ojibway sent their smoke into the blue sky on the shore where Binishi and his warriors beached their canoes.

A tall Frenchman, plumed hat, red jacket, white gauntlets worn for the occasion, and sword nonchalantly suspended from his shoulder, advanced to greet the newcomers. After the elaborate welcomes, two buff-jerkined soldiers led the eager Indians to the trading mart.

As darkness fell, a hundred fires lighted the shore and warriors satiated with venison prepared for a night of oratory. Orators from each tribe related with homeric simplicity and dignity the deeds of mighty heroes while the grave-faced men of the forest expressed approval. Into the circle stepped a Pale-face from France, dressed in a long black robe, a cross raised in his right hand. It was Father Isaac Jogues, the messenger of the Kitchi-Manito (God).

The Indians of Batchawana looked at this man with wondering eyes; he was a great medicine man yet he did not leap nor dance. He began to speak and his tale was wondrous; the scales seemed to fall from their eyes and their minds were enlightened. Never before had they heard man speak like this.

Spellbound they sat as he explained the Creation of the world, the goodness of God.—Kitimeg knew none of these things.—They heard of the birth, the life, the miracles and the death of Christ, the Redeemer. Hell made them shudder with fright, heaven made them cry with delight.

"O men of many nations, as the warrior chases the savage wolf from the camp, banish from your lodges the false gods! Keep the things which I have told you in your hearts.—Soon messengers of God will come and teach and baptize. You will become children of God." A great roar of approval came from brown lips as Jogues finished.

In the early morning the tribes began to depart. Binishi and his band turned their canoes towards the rising sun before taking one farewell glance at the great camp. Colored cloth, trinkets, axes and kettles, covered the bottom of each canoe. Yet the warriors sat uninterested in their wealth. They talked of the "Mekatewikwanaie" (Blackrobe), of God, of Jesus Christ, "Wegwissimind" (Son of God). They had found great riches, greater than mere axes or cloth—"The words of eternal life and the Kingdom of Heaven."

While Kitimeg in Batchawana dreamed of his share of goods, they talked about him, at first with fear and then freely. Two of their number confessed that they had acted as spies and emissaries for the medicine man. His wiles were now apparent to all.

The chief raised his paddle in the signal for departure. "Let us, O men of the great Ojibway race, return and prepare for the messenger of the Great Spirit. Kitimeg and his evil spirits must be cast forth from our wigwams." As the canoes surged forward from savage throats came the guttural answer "Me-ge-ing (So be it), Mi-ge-ing."

(St. Isaac Jogues stopped at Sault Ste. Marie to meet the tribes in the year 1641.)

CHIEF PIAPOT AVERTED RIOT AT BIG FAIR

If old Chief Piapot, of the Qu'Appelle Valley band of Crees, had not attended Regina's big territorial exhibition back in '85, one of the fair's features might have been a real honest-to-goodness Indian massacre—or a riot.

When the fair opened, the chief attraction, particularly to the people from the east, was the great mob of Indians who, in all their barbaric finery, gathered from even the most distant reserves of the territories to do homage to the representative of the queen—Lord Aberdeen, governor-general—and to take part in the celebrations.

There were Crees, Saulteaux and Assiniboines from the plains of Saskatchewan; Stonies from the upper Bow river, and a considerable number of state-ly Blackfeet from the rolling foothill country.

Officials of the Indian department were a little dubious about bringing the Blackfeet to Regina where they would be in contact with the Crees, with whom they had been in a state of warfare scarcely a score of years previously. A treaty of peace between the two tribes was in effect and the old enemies, although cautious in their advances to each other, gave no evidence of their old hostility.

But there was one incident during the exhibition that might have had serious results if it had not been for the presence of mind and good sense of Piapot.

Crowfoot, the famous head of the Blackfoot confederacy, had died without leaving a male descendant or designating his successor. Two Indians—Iron Shield and Running Rabbit—were contenders for the chieftainship, and their claims about being equal, the Indian commissioner found himself in a position of some difficulty as to which of the two should receive Crowfoot's mantle.

The meeting took place in the Indian office, and, as was usual, there were a number of Indians about the building. Among them was Piapot, who was waiting to see Mr. Forget about some business of his own.

The meeting with the Blackfeet was a stormy one. The partisans of neither claimant would yield an inch and some remark of Mr. Forget, improperly interpreted, caused a clamorous outburst. One excited Blackfoot so far lost his head as to place his hands upon the commissioner.

Piapot must have been listening close at hand for, like in the movies, he strode into the room in the nick of time. With an air of authority, he succeeded in calming the tumult.

The next morning, Mr. Forget sent for Piapot, thanked him for his timely intervention and asked what he could do for him. With dignity, the Indian chief replied that he did not want payment for such a service.



Sitting Bull and Fire Water

By John LeCaine

An old traders' son, a relative of mine, told me this story. I was 14 years of age, said he, when I accompanied my father west of the Wood Mountain country. We had come from the Missouri, travelling with Red River carts, and as we went further west our stores were diminishing. We had met several Indian and Metis camps, and by the time we reached

Sitting-Bull's camp in the Cypress Hills, there were little goods left, but a keg of alcohol, which my father wanted to dispose of before returning home.

Upon entering Sitting-Bull's great camp we asked to be directed to the lodge of the chief. The first thing Sitting-Bull asked was: "Have you any mini-wakan (fire-water)? how much of it? was it pure?" Upon being told what there was, he continued: "You are to leave the mini-wakan in my care, and you will not sell it until you have disposed of everything else." My father hearkened the chiefs' advice which seemed to be very peremptory.

As dusk set in, a crier rode the camp announcing the presence of traders, and that trading would take place in the afternoon of the next day. Early the next morning Sitting-Bull called on my father to discuss the manner of trading and the disposal of the firewater. "I, said the chief, have fixed the price at which you will sell your fire-water. This cupful will bring you a good buffalo poney; and this cupful of diluted alcohol will bring you an ordinary poney."

Without hesitation my father consented to this bargain. Sitting-Bull did the diluting of the alcohol, and sampled it to make sure the proportions were right.

When the time came for open trading a big teepee was erected in the center of the camp grounds and great crowds swarmed over the place. Our stock quickly vanished. Proud and shy maidens hurried home with colorful calicos to replace their deerskin dresses; but the warriors patiently remained waiting for a chance to trade for a drink of fire-water. At last Sitting-Bull rose to announce the trading of the alcohol. He commanded that all who were purchasing liquor were to remain there until all the liquor had been sold, and that no one was to consume it on the public grounds, but was to take it home.

Then Sitting-Bull set aside two cups of pure alcohol and calling two warriors ordered: "You are to escort this trader out of the camp. When you return you will each receive a cup of mini-wakan." The trader nodded a smiling approval to this wise command.

No sooner had the last of the Sioux left the grounds that we were on our way out of the camp; we travelled fast, and it was dusk when our escorts came to a halt. "We believe you are safe to travel alone now, said they. But you must keep on travelling until day-light, and hurry, for there will possibly be some thirsty man who may trail you in the hope of having more to drink. And if he should find you, and you were unable to give him any alcohol he may take back the price he paid you, and may even do more." We considered this advice a precious one, and we certainly travelled fast.

* * *

(Author's note: Sitting-Bull, in his early youth, learned to master himself; thereby he became the master of great things, and a master of his people. Although he was a pagan, he heeded the voice of conscience, a conscience given to him by the Wakan-Tanka (Great Spirit) he served.

A thing of beauty has joy rides forever.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

One of the favorite feasts of the year, and certainly the most romantically inclined, is St. Valentine's day which falls on February 14.

Although commonly associated with the name of St. Valentine, Bishop, the day has retained few of its truly Christian characteristics. It is simply a day on which sentimental thoughts can be exchanged by means of greeting cards. The more ornate, the better. Frequently, especially in the case of younger folk, these are anonymous, thus arousing much speculation.

The saintly Bishop Valentine, after whom the feast is supposedly named, suffered persecution at the hands of Claudius, Roman Emperor. St. Valentine was imprisoned and tortured and was beheaded on February 14 in the year 270.

In olden days the sending of "Valentines" was taken as a serious-minded declaration of affection and the exquisiteness of the card itself was not the principal consideration as it is today. How times have changed. Now February 14 is observed principally by the merchants.

Marieval

(Continued from page 3, col. 2.)

On December 26th, some ex-pupils registered as following: Mrs. Clifford Lerat, Miss Emma Redwood, Miss Lilly Sangwais, Miss Emma Penny, Miss M. Therese Lerat, Miss Veronique Agecoutay, Miss Theresa Redwood, Miss Viviane Trottier, Miss Antoinette Lavalle, Miss Yvonne Pelletier and Miss Rose-Mary Delorme. They were all praised for having accepted Rev. Father's invitation, and were welcomed to their old sweet home. The next day, Sunday, December 27th, they were at the choir singing as if they had never been away from school. There was general Communion and a beautiful Thanksgiving hymn followed.

What a striking example for us, school children and what a deep impression on our mind and heart! — — — A few conferences were given by the Staff and our girl-friends certainly enjoyed their stay in our midst which has been crowned by a "war-time" banquet, yet, sweet enough to bring home a good souvenir. Now to all our dear readers, friends and benefactors we wish joy and happiness in greater measure than ever before! — —

—Marieval, Pupils.

It is not hard to be Christ-like if you give up your own will and accept His instead.

* * *

Jealousy is a foolish and often dangerous thing but bring it out into the open, and sunlight and laughter will cure it.

* * *

If you have a million-dollar smile, don't be afraid to squander it.

* * *

There are many spiritual crises in a man's life and after each one he is worse or better for it.

A SNAKE AND A TOAD

By John LeCaine

Wood Mountain, Sask.

Like Will Rogers all I know is what I hear and what I read in print. Well here is an experience related by a Dakota range man some years ago. Although I do not ask you to believe this, I am inclined to think such things can happen. It is such strange behaviour of animals that led some Indians to worship them as Gods.

One hot July day, said the ranger, I was riding home from a round trip on the range. One leg thrown across the saddle, puffing at my cigarette, I lazily waltzed my pony along a cattle path, that winded its way to river bottom flats. Here the ground was patchy with gumbo, and dotted with sage brush and cactus. I was at peace with the world, and I had nothing on my mind at the moment, and I was staring ahead at the trail I was following. Suddenly my pony came to a dead stop, ears pointed to the ground and there he stood motionless, snorting quietly.

Then I saw what had disturbed him. A large water snake had a toad cornered; the toad had taken refuge behind a large bushy sage-brush, and it was desperately hopping from side to side as the snake tried to catch its prey. As I watched, I noticed that the poor toad's movements were getting slower and slower, its sides expanding and contracting like little gaunt bellows. At last the toad stopped hopping, and raised itself to an almost half-standing position, opening its mouth.

The snake's head darted into full view of the toad and then a strange thing happened; the toad spat out on the snake a grayish spray. The substance covered the snake's head, and to my astonishment, the snake dropped as dead, its body uncoiled, and its tail swayed feebly. At this moment I dismounted, and walked up close, holding my heavy riding quirt in my hand. I was filled with curiosity at witnessing this duel between what I used to consider harmless creatures.

While the snake was lying as dead, the toad squatted down, puffing heavily. Then, just as the toad moved to run for its life, the snake came to life instantly. Again the battle began as before, and again the toad sprayed its enemy, and rested quietly. A third time this happened, and the exhausted toad fell on its back and went limp. Only for its panting did I know that the toad was still alive.

The snake came to, and seeing its prey at its mercy, it drew itself to strike, but at that moment I knocked the snake several feet away with my quirt, and I crushed its head with the heel of my boot. As I turned to look at the toad it had disappeared, having left without even thanking me for my help.

I stood there in deep thought. In God's universe there are many great and small things hidden from man. Our men of science have yet to learn a great deal to know all, the road on which they travel has no end.

As I rode home I found myself thinking, thinking of things I have never yet heard of, nor read about. How strange? . . .

CATHOLIC FAITH

THE SACRAMENTS IN GENERAL

The word sacrament means "something holy." We should keep in mind that everything about a Sacrament is holy. The picture above helps us to understand that the Sacraments are channels through which are applied to us the merits of the sacrifice of Christ on the cross through His Church.

OUTWARD SIGN

We are creatures composed of body and soul. The body is material: we can know it through our senses, we can see it. The soul is spiritual: it cannot be seen or handled. The grace which Christ gives us through the Sacraments is likewise something spiritual, that cannot be seen. Christ has chosen to give us this grace through certain ceremonies which we can see. Every Sacrament has an outward sign for the inward grace which it gives. For instance, when we are in sin, we do not just pray to God for mercy and hope that He will forgive us. We go to confession and the priest gives us absolution. We actually hear the word of pardon and so we know that God has forgiven us and will give us the strength to do better.

The Sacraments Are Channels of Grace

Our Lord offered His Sufferings and death to God His Father to save us and to get us grace with which to enter heaven. The sufferings of our Saviour were of infinite value. No man or angel can count the number of merits our Lord gained by His sufferings. In His goodness our dear Lord has left all His merits to His Church established upon Peter. The Church distributes or applies to our souls the merits or graces of Christ through seven channels called Sacraments.

All of the Sacraments were instituted by Our Lord. We read in the Bible just when and where some of them were instituted. The Holy Eucharist, for example, was given to us at the Last Supper.

Instituted by Christ

But not everything that Our Lord did is written in the Bible and we do not find there the exact time when all of the Sacraments were instituted. However, we do have in the New Testament or the writings of the early Fathers, very clear proof that all of the Sacraments were received by the faithful in the first ages of the Church. The early Christians received their religion from the Apostles, who, in turn, were taught directly by Our Lord. Therefore, we can be sure that what they practiced came from Christ.

To Give Grace

We need special help from God in order to get to Heaven. We call this help grace. When Jesus died for us on the cross, He earned, or merited, grace for us. Out of His infinite love, He gives us this wonderful gift.

Kinds of Grace

1. Sanctifying grace is that grace which makes the soul holy and pleasing to God. All the Sacraments either give or increase sanctifying grace in our souls.
2. Actual grace is that special help of God which moves us to keep away from sin or to perform some good deed. For example, God may move the sinner to say to himself: "I had better go to confession and get back into Gods' friendship." This would be an actual grace. Without God's help, or grace, he would never be moved to say that.

Sacraments of the Living are so called because, in order to receive them worthily, we must have spiritual life, that is, sanctifying grace. There are five Sacraments of the Living: Confirmation, Eucharist, Extreme Unction, Holy Orders, Matrimony.

The Kinds of Sacraments

Sacraments of the Dead are so called, because, when we receive them, we either have not, or at least are not obliged to have, the life of grace. Baptism and Penance are the Sacraments of the Dead. Sacraments of the Dead remit mortal sin and give sanctifying grace to the soul. Sacraments of the living increase sanctifying grace already in the soul. Penance increases grace when received by a soul already in grace. To receive a Sacraments unworthily is a sacrilege.

Sacramental Character Imprinted on the Soul

The sacramental character is a spiritual mark imprinted on the soul by Baptism, Confirmation and Holy Orders. This character will remain on the soul forever, to add to its glory in heaven or to add to its misery in hell. The sacramental character is said to be indelible because it can never be taken off the soul. It is similar to the mark of an indelible pencil which cannot be erased.

THE LIFE OF JESUS

Healing of a Woman

Mi ima dac widjihiwekoban pejik ikwe aja mitas-wi aci niji pipon ayakosiban ki miskwiwapinet aja apitci ki kwatakitokoban, ki nanandawihikon. Mackikiwiniwan nipiwa kaye kakina endanit ki tcagi tipahikakekoban ambe kawin papic keko o ki mino totakossinakoban. Apucke eckam nawatc ki ani naji ayakoban.

Ki nondang dac isan Jesussan pimossenit kaye win ima ki pi widjihiwie kaye o ki pi akawan. Oki atiso:

"Kicpin gackitowak kanake, o gigickigani niwet-cigan tci tanginamowak, mi tci mino ayan."

O ki tanginamini dac kaye cemak mi ka iji gibit-cissenik o miskwim, wendjiskwakisiban weweni ki pateni, kaye wiyawing o ki mojiton, weweni mino ayat neyab.

Cemak dac Jesus kikendang o kackiewisiwin anind naganikot o ki apamitawan anicinaben: "Awenen ka tanginang n'gigickiganan? ki ikito. Awenen ka tanginit?"

Agonwetawawat winawa tci ki tanginawat, Pierre kaye owidjiwiganan oho o ki inawan: "Tebenimyiang, ki wabandan misiwe anicinabek kit ondji sisinsikakok andjika ikitoyan: "Awenen ka tamginit?"

"Awyaia n'gi tanginik, ki ikito minawa Jesus, n'gi monjiton kackiewisiwin naganikoyan." Waka ayihi dac ki ainapit, ini ikwewan nomak o ki ganawabaman ackitossik awacime tci kasot kaye nawatc igo segiskot ka ki iji mijitot Jesus o ki otcitcingwanapitawan, agatcik kaye naningickat, kaye mijica ki tipadjimo wegonen wendji ki tanginat kaye anin cemak ka iji mincayat.

"Ayangwamenden n'danis, Jesus o ki inan ki tebwewakendamowin ki ki pimadjihikon. Wanakite, ani madjan kaye kikike jikwa minoayan."

I ADMIRE THE JEHOVAH WITNESSES

John S. Kennedy

(Condensed from Columbia, Jan. 1943)

What's that? I admire the Jehovah witnesses, and I mean what I say. Let me explain. I do not admire them for their ignorance, their bigotry, their exhibitionism; but I admire them for their solidarity, their devotion to a cause, their knowledge of their curious creed, their ignorance to spread their doctrine.

They are people of remarkable energy, worthy of a better cause. I should say worthy of a good cause, for theirs is exceptionally bad.

The remarkable knowledge they have a the Scriptures, their missionary spirit, their voluntary acceptance of hard, unpleasant work to spread their perverse gospel, their bravery in face of hostile crowds is what I admire. They drive themselves mercilessly; they use every possible device for disseminating their doctrine; they are willing to accept the consequences of their principles without budging an inch.

In view of the foregoing you may think I am planning to become a member of the witness sect. Hardly. Their doctrine is so unreasonable and extravagant, their teachings are so much in opposition with the Scriptures and so self-contradictory, that no sensible man would willingly accept it.

But what I am trying to do is to call forcibly to your attention the indubitable and very sad fact that the partisans of this creed are far more enthusiastic, enterprising, resourceful, hardworking and persistent in trying to spread it, than are most Catholics in doing the same for the divine truth which has been entrusted to us by the Divine Saviour.

There is no possible comparison between Catholic doctrine and the Rutherford "rag-bag"; there is no comparison between their leaders, nor between their accomplishments. But there is an appalling contrast between the missionary zeal of the Rutherfordite and of the ordinary Catholic. Most of us have become too settled, too sedate, too selfish. We shudder with distaste if we chance on St. Paul's words: "I think God has sent forth us the Apostles, last of all, as men doomed to death... we are fools for Christ... we are weak... we are without honor... and we toil, working with our own hands. We are reviled, ... we are persecuted... maligned, we have become as the refuse of this world, the offscouring of all."

Looking at the Witnesses we shall have to confess that they surpass us in knowledge of their creed, in their zeal for spreading their doctrine, in their shrewdness in advertising their message. The Jehovah Witnesses' work is a reproach to us, they are wiser than the children of light.

We lay people are too often unable to defend our own religion, to explain to inquirers points of doctrine, we are mute and lacking of zeal. Yet each of us has an apostolate to perform; not only must we save our souls but we must help the others to save theirs. We cannot hide our light under a bushel; Christ is not merely a shadowy historical figure, relatively insignificant and wholly unrelated to us. We seem to be Catholics in our private life, not in public. Conformity with the neutral, non-religious norm is our ideal; but we must not compromise with our salvation.

Let us remember there is no end to the apostolic age, and that in our days there is a crying need of evangelizing the dechristianized, despiritualized multitudes. Let us avail ourselves of all means at our disposal to spread the gospel of Christ, and become real lay apostles of Catholicism.

? THE QUESTION BOX ?

Are Catholics allowed to read the Bible?

Of course they are! Who ever said they were not? In the front pages of most Catholic bibles there is an announcement that indulgences can be gained for such reading.

It is important that the right kind of Bible be used, however. Some that have been printed by non-Catholics omit important parts; others do not translate the true words in the proper manner.

Get a Catholic Bible for your home, and read it as much as you can.

How can a Jew be saved when he rejects Christ and Christianity? Don't we hold that there is no salvation except through Christ?

A Jew can be saved the same as a good Buddhist or a good Baptist. As long as he does not recognize the truth of Christianity or the necessity of becoming a Catholic, and as long as he really believes in his own religion and is truly sorry for his serious sins he will be saved.

Yes, we hold that there is no salvation except through Christ. Whoever is saved will owe his salvation to the grace of Christ. But actual faith in Christ is demanded only of those to whom the Christian faith is sufficiently made known.

Is perjury always a serious sin, even in support of a small lie?

Yes. One who takes an oath and promises to tell the truth (just as though he were talking to God), and then tells a lie is guilty of mortal sin. Perjury is a moral and social crime, and it is a blot upon the soul of anyone who is guilty of it, whether he be a Catholic or Protestant or Jew. Courts should punish it severely. Its malice consists not in the gravity of the untruth itself (some lies are only venial sins) but in calling God as witness to a falsehood.

I have heard people say: "So and so has no conscience." What is conscience? Can anyone lose his conscience?

Conscience is a judgment of the mind on moral matters. It is that which says: do this and avoid that. You might call it an inborn conviction or "the voice of God" telling me if an act is in keeping with right principles or not, as in arithmetic my mind judges that two and three make five.

One can't 'lose' his conscience; but as one may have an erroneous conscience, so, by repeated wrongdoing, one may lose his tenderness of conscience and in such a case one's conscience is not a safe guide.

A sinner is one who bargains with Satan, the father of lies, and gets the worst of it in time and in eternity.

* * *

There is but one thing to do and that is to carry on — until they carry you out!

* * *

By free will God has made every man free to be a devil, a fool, or a Saint!